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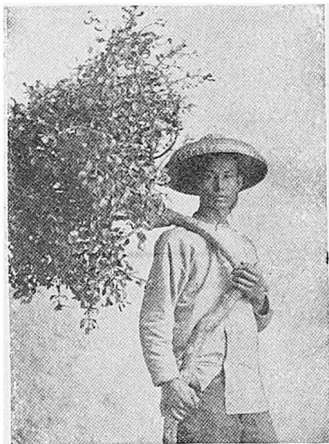
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PICTURESQUE FOREIGNERS IN CALIFORNIA

BY HENRY T. FINCK

Illustrated from recent photographs.

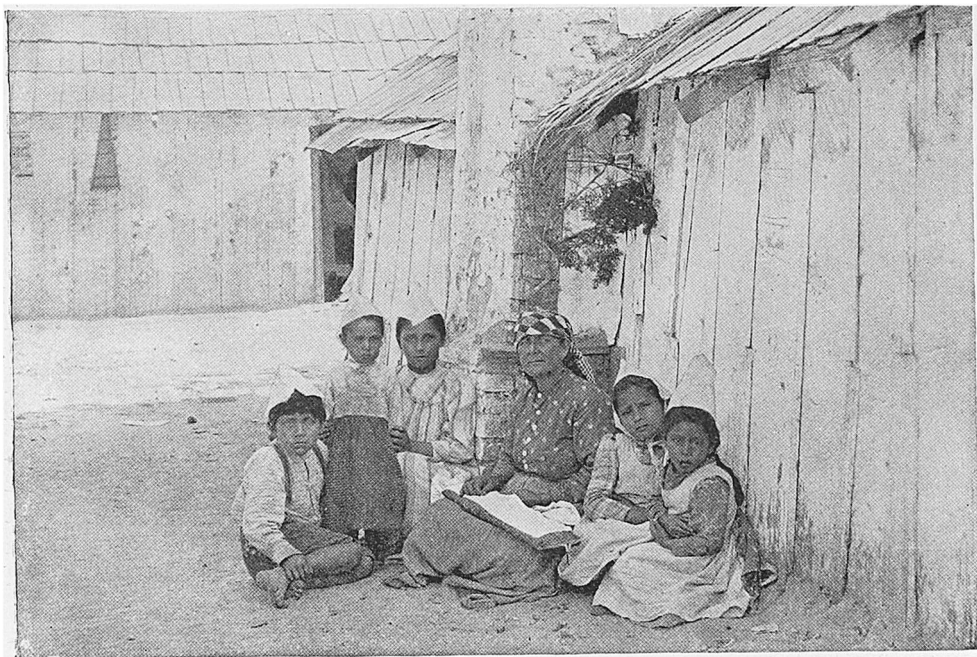
A FEW years ago, when I was on my way to Japan, I complimented the captain of our steamer one day on the excellent and varied food the cooks prepared for us three times a day. "Ah, yes!" he replied, "but you must remember that we got our supplies in God's own country. You won't find things quite so satisfactory coming the other way."



BRINGING IN THE MISTLETOE

California is the land where the necessities of life are cheap and the luxuries cheaper still. In Los Angeles county I have often amused myself feeding the cows from baskets of oranges for which no other use could be found. A relative of mine planted a hundred fig-trees of the choicest Smyrna variety, which in a few years bore an abundance of fruit. But he could find no market for it, and his figs, which in New York would have sold for five cents apiece, rotted on the ground by the ton. Tomatoes, pumpkins and melons, almost grow wild in southern California; and if you should help yourself to a few bunches of grapes from a vineyard, no dog would bark at you.

No wonder that such a fertile country should have been coveted by many com-



SPANISH-INDIAN CHILDREN: SAN GABRIEL MISSION

peting races of all colors. California, during the last hundred years, has seen some startling changes in its population—from Indians to Spaniards and Yankees, with Chinese, Japanese and other invaders. Strange to say, the Spaniards, though they had long known this region, did not attempt to appropriate or inhabit it until about a century ago (1769). From that time on missions were introduced until twenty had been planted. Never was there a primitive race more sadly in need of civilizing influences than the California Indians, who were on the whole the most stupid and degraded of all the red men, perhaps for the reason that the easy conditions of life made unnecessary the mental and physical efforts on which

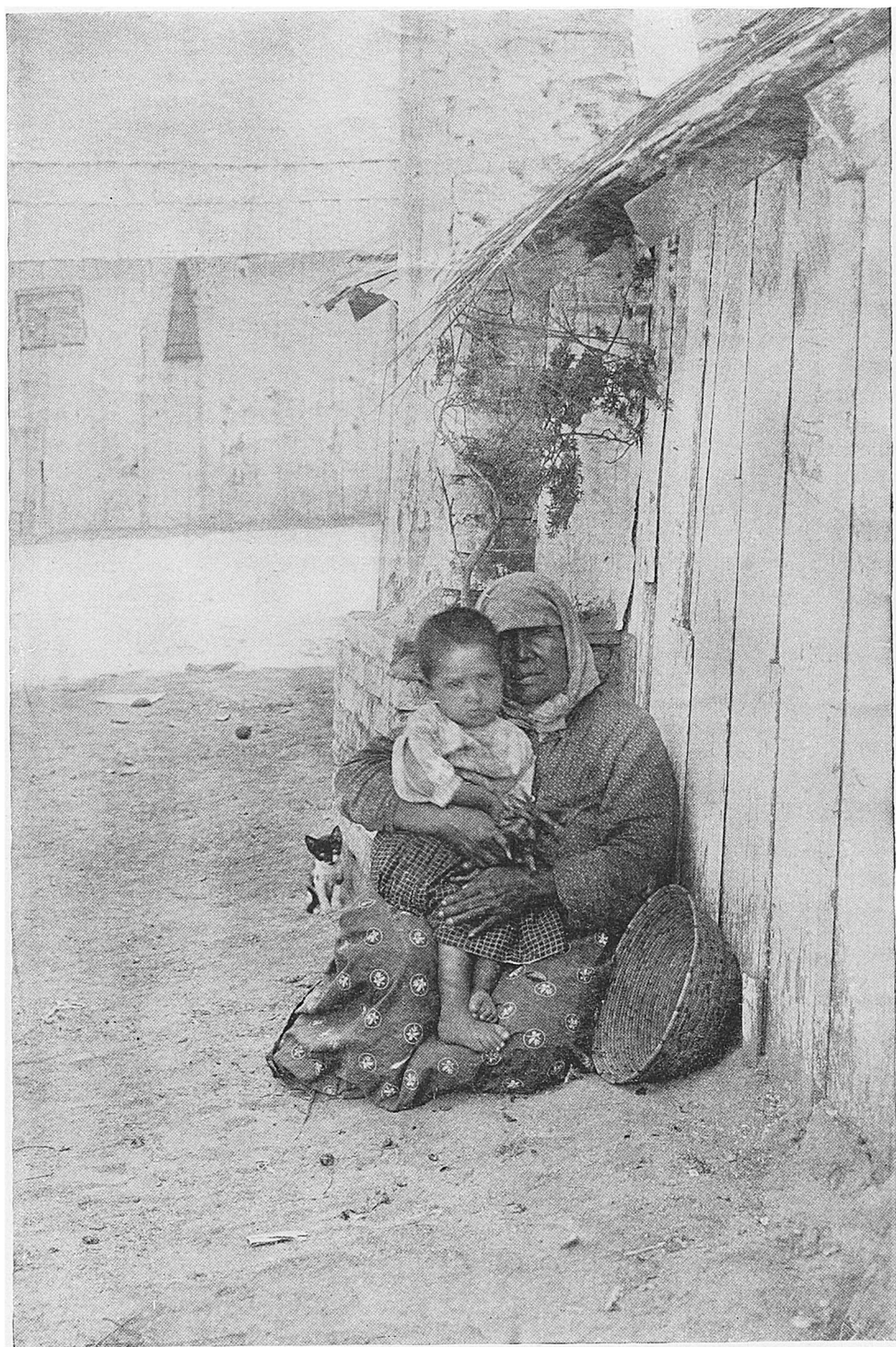


RESTING IN THE SUNLIGHT: "TO-MORROW WILL BE ANOTHER DAY"

progress depends. The contemptuous name "Digger" incorrectly given to all the Indians of central and northern California, shows sufficiently how they impressed those who first came into contact with them.

To-day you may travel along all the routes frequented by tourists without seeing half a dozen of the red men who not long ago owned the country. According to Henry W. Henshaw, of the United States Bureau of Ethnology, "in the area between the bay of San Francisco and Los Angeles there are to-day probably not a hundred Indians." On two trips to the Yosemite valley, made within the last seven years, I saw only one Indian; a startling fact when we bear in mind that until 1850 this glorious valley was a favorite stronghold which the red men believed would never even be discovered by the white intruders!

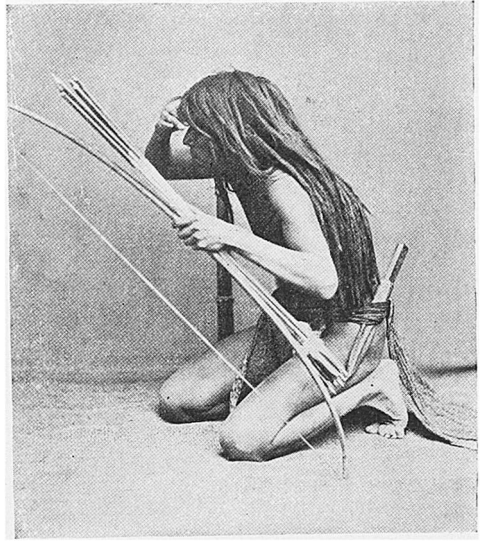
Of the 250,000 Indians now living in the United States, only 12,000 are in California, and of these 4,350 live in Los Angeles and San Bernardino counties, chiefly



LINSA, THE LAST CAPITANA OF SAN GABRIEL ARCANGEL

on reservations or at missions. There are many half-breeds among them. Several of our pictures illustrate the peculiar fondness of all the natives of the Pacific coast, from Alaska to California, to squat or sit, leaning against a wall in rows and groups convenient for the photographer. As a rule, however, for superstitious reasons, they dread the camera almost as much as the muzzle of a gun; but their love of money is rapidly overcoming their fears; and now many a half-naked red-skin knows enough to lurk in the shadow when a person with a camera appears, until he is paid to step out into the sunlight.

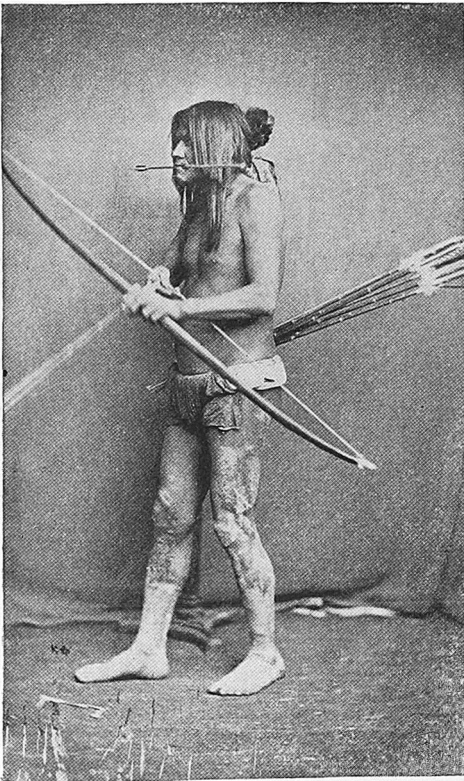
Of all the aborigines of the southwest, the Apaches are the most feared and abhorred, by other Indians as well as by white men. Though they never leave the wigwam except with bow and arrows, they are not courageous warriors. Of their fighting it has been truly said, that it



A SUSPICIOUS MOHAVE

“has more the character of assassination and murder than of warfare.” Creeping up stealthily and shooting from ambush is their favorite method of attack, and they never run any risks against superior numbers. Horrible is the fate of men, women and children who fall into their hands. Atrocities almost beyond belief are committed by them with fiendish delight, and their cruelty to animals is unparalleled.

Fortunately the California Indians proper were less ferocious than these neighboring Apaches of Arizona and Mexico, or else the Spanish missionaries would have found the task of conversion a less easy one than they did. “Conversion,” however, did not agree with these Indians, and they are now on the verge of extinction. The same fate, too, is rapidly overtaking the Spaniards and Mexicans who first came to dispute possession of California with the red men. The fruit-ranch has taken the place of the Spanish hacienda, and although almost every city or village in southern California still has its “Spanishtown,”



YUMA APACHE

it is usually inhabited by the lowest sort of Mexicans,—those who really deserve the name of “greasers”—and their numbers are rapidly diminishing. They are picturesque but lazy, and are not particularly desirable as neighbors. They have discovered that chickens belonging to other persons can be caught by attaching a bit of meat to a fish-hook, or can be beguiled into a room by means of a row of wheat-kernels; and although they have not patented these inventions, there is reason to suspect that they make use of them. Among other traits they have, in common with the Indians (with whom in fact their ancestors intermarried freely), is a disposition to make the women do all the work.



A FRIENDLY SMOKE (PASADENA)

The pretty little brunette girls with the round black eyes and abundant hair in the accompanying picture are Italians, though they might easily be Spaniards or



A CHINESE ANGELINA

Mexicans, as the Spanish and Italian types, especially at that age, are not readily distinguishable. Italians are not especially numerous in California, except among the sea-fishermen along the coast. Probably the long and expensive trip prevents them from emigrating in larger numbers to a country which ought to be especially attractive to them, since it yields as much sunshine and opportunity for *dolce far niente* as does old Italy herself.

The white American has now taken such complete possession of California that he looks on all others as “foreigners,” even though in reality he is the alien, and the Indians and Spaniards are the natives. But if we now turn to the much-abused John Chinaman, we find a man who came to California as a foreigner and remains there as a foreigner, his one object and desire being to get enough money to be able to return to China and spend the rest of his life in luxurious comfort on ten cents a day. He even begrudges to American soil the phosphate of his

bones, which he insists shall be shipped to China for final burial.

Notwithstanding the restrictions on Chinese emigration, every Pacific-coast town, from Vancouver, in British Columbia, down to San Diego, still has its "Chinatown." In San Francisco the Celestials occupy a large section in the centre of the city, which they have tried, by means of narrow streets and alleys, to make as Cantonese as possible. Next to San Francisco, Portland and Los Angeles have the largest Chinatowns. A blind man could always tell when he got into this quarter of any one of these cities by its peculiar odor—a mixture of the fumes of burning incense-sticks, or joss-sticks, with various other emanations more or less recognizable. A pleasanter feature is the constant presence of house-plants and flowers. This is especially noticeable in Los Angeles, and one of our pictures gives us a glimpse of a characteristic



SUSANA AND THE FLORIPUNDIO



YOUNG ITALY

flower-decked veranda in Chinatown, with two of the occupants enjoying their rest and a diminutive opium-pipe. Another shows a man carrying a big bunch of mistletoe; yet, big as this bunch is, it is surpassed in size by many of the specimens you see on the way to the Yosemite valley, hanging from the oaks like inverted beehives.

Hardly inferior in beauty to our Italian girls is the specimen of Chinese girlhood, whose quaint costume and head-dress emphasize the exotic cast of her features. Not a few of these little maidens may be seen in the Chinese quarters of the Californian cities, and they may be esteemed fortunate in many respects, as compared with their cousins on the other side of the Pacific; for, in spite of all the conservatism and barriers of superstition, prejudice and inherited custom, American ideas and example reach and influence beneficially the Chinese as well as other foreign residents in the Golden State.